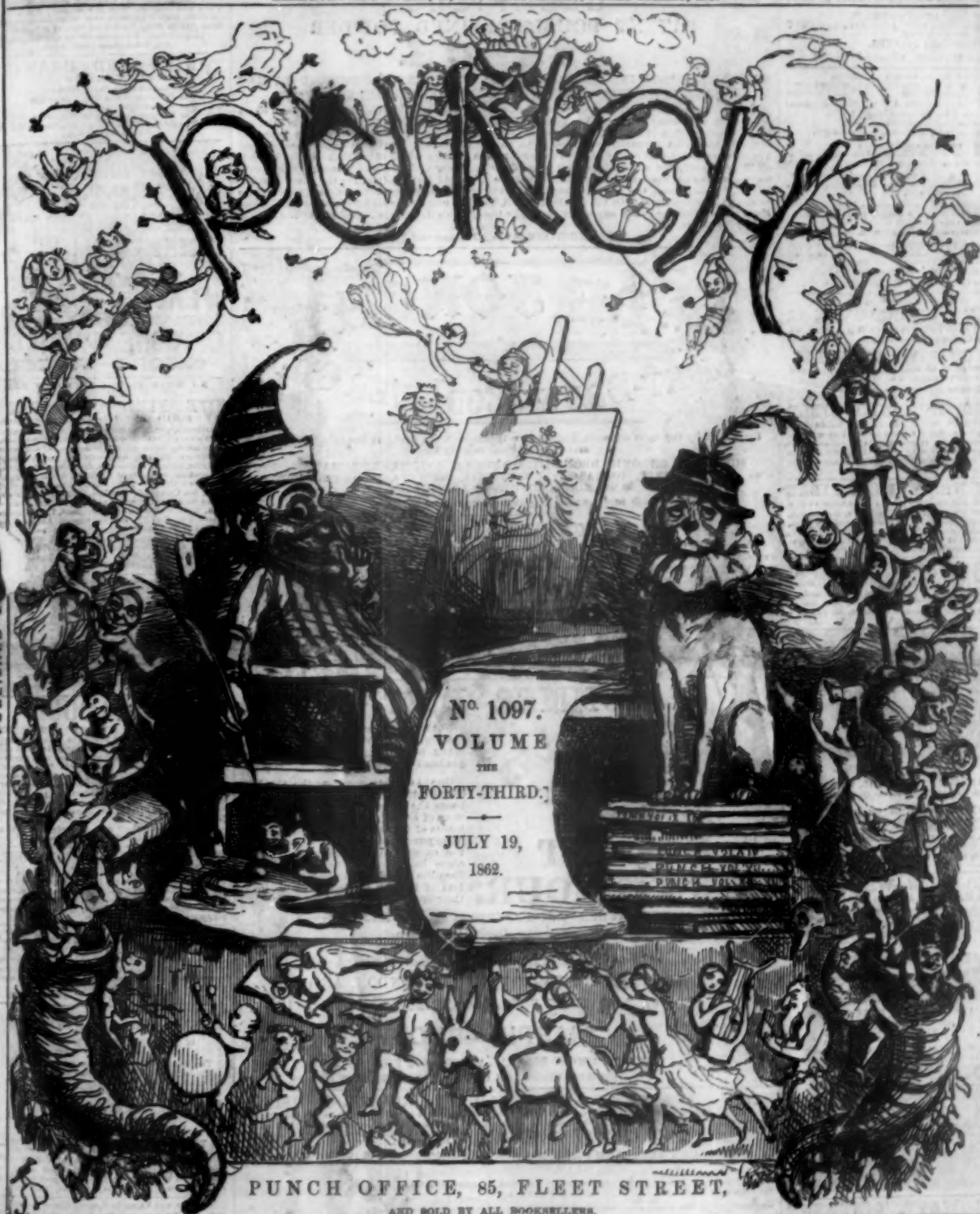


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Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS, are continued Weekly in ONCE A WEEK.

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REVENGE!

OLD LADY (who wasn't over and above liberal with the fare). "You'll take my boxes up the Garden, Cabman, please."
 CABMAN. "Cert'nly, Marm, if you'll 'old my 'orac."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 7th. LORD RUSSELL had to vindicate the Italian Government once more from the splenetic charges made by poor LORD NORMANBY, whose wrath has been roused anew, probably, by the announcement that Russia and Prussia would recognise Italy. Of course the answer was complete and satisfactory. LORD HARROWBY had recently been in Italy, and declared himself "astonished" at LORD NORMANBY's "ignorance" of the real state of things in that country. This was a hard hit, for poor NORMANBY of course gets no end of voluminous and violent notes from old foreign countesses and the like, who consider the expulsion of the despots the wickedest thing ever done, and he rather piques himself on being kept well posted up by the angry old fribbles who prompt him. The Lords laughed.

The Commons had another Embankment Debate, and then arose a dispute as to the clause which enacts that the architecture of the buildings that are to be erected on the banks of the river shall be approved by a Minister. MR. COWPER contended that it was for the honour of London that such erections should not be left to individual caprice. LORD PALMERSTON took, of course, the same view, and paid an exceedingly high compliment to the architecture of the Regent's Park, where private dwellings had been combined by MR. NASH, so as to make the union resemble a single palatial building. We should like to have heard MR. DISRAELI hereon—is it not in *Paganilla* that he has something to say upon the difference between Architecture and Parkitecture? There is no doubt, however, that the Regent's Park is one of the most creditable looking quarters in London, and from what Mr. Punch has seen of the inhabitants of the district, he has the highest opinion of their civilisation. The clause was resisted but carried by 162 to 145. There was a snarl raised against the Templars, which they certainly do not deserve, for they have not initiated the BUCKLEBUCH party in resisting the Bill, though the Embankment will destroy much of the charm of their beautiful gardens, which gardens moreover they throw open in the most liberal manner to the children of the poor. The Committee saw this, and by 139 to 18 put down MR. AYETON, who sought to insert a

needless and rather impertinent proviso. The discussion wound up pleasantly with a very angry little row between SIR JOHN SHELLEY and MR. COWPER.

But this was only a pop-gun compared to what followed. There came a Fortifications Debate, which was proceeding with much dullness of detail, when MR. CORDEN rose, and delivered a speech in which he attacked LORD PALMERSTON for incessantly mis-representing the French Emperor as a bellicose personage. MR. CORDEN adduced a great lot of figures to show that the French had never armed, on the scale supposed, and repeated that he proposed to "arraign" the PREMIER, whom he also charged with knocking people down with Latin quotations. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON interposed a brief defence of LORD PALMERSTON, and pointed out the unfairness of some of MR. CORDEN's arguments, and then the arraigned PREMIER went to work on his own account, declared himself proud of being attacked by MR. CORDEN, who never had an idea that England ought to be defended, who was in a state of blindness and delusion on that subject, who understood Free Trade, but that was his Last, to which he ought to Stick, for when he went beyond it, he went into matters which he could not understand. PAM also quoted Latin again, as became an Oxford D.C.L., and pointed out the awful cost of the War in America, on account of the nation not having been prepared for such operations. He ended by saying that if we had put the country, economically, into a state of defence, we had achieved even a better thing than MR. CORDEN's Treaty of Paris. It may be imagined that this emphatic method of laying on the lash was not calculated to delight the flagellated party, and the next morning MR. CORDEN's organ declared that LORD PAM had opened an impassable gulf between himself and CORDEN, that he was a flagrant offender against the moralities of debate, and an outrager of Parliamentary decencies. We immediately sent down to Cambridge House to know how the PREMIER felt, and were delighted to hear that the article had not spoiled his breakfast.

Tuesday. The Commons to the rescue of the Common! SIR THOMAS WILSON is at it again. A Bill has been introduced into the Lords for enabling him to grant long building leases on Hampstead Heath. The

lawyers support it, of course. *Mr. Punch* need only tell the Commons to be ready to scrunch the measure; but he will add that menace is now being used, and the advocates of the Bill threaten that when *SIR THOMAS WILSON* is himself enclosed, his successors will build all over the heath, unless we now allow *SIR THOMAS* to erect villas, which will be valuable on account of the waste being kept open. Sufficient for the day is the *WILSON* thereof—we trust to write, in due course—"the Bill for stealing the Heath from the people was then rejected."

The *Code Caledonian* was read a second time in the Lords, who seemed delighted to be told, that it had been so carefully prepared that they need not waste their valuable time in reconsidering it.

LORD PALMERSTON said that Russia had recognised Italy, but that he had no official information on the subject from *Turin*. There is a notion abroad in the world that this recognition is a clever move on the part of our friend *CHARLES THE ELEVENTH*, of France. Russia is well pleased to be friends with Italy, if Italy will undertake not to extend herself in any way that may be disagreeable to her neighbours. *GARIBOLDI* has just made a fiery speech, in which he declares that the Despot of France is no friend of Italy. The Ultramontanists of France are too angry at Italy's being spoken to at all to heed any of these undercurrents, and they denounce Russia in choice priestly *Billingsgate*—showing that the successors of the Fishermen talk the language of fishermen.

It may be convenient to the public to know, that we are going to have another Chinese War, large or small. If we are to carry on trade at all with China it is necessary to defend certain points against the marauding savages called *Tae-pings*. And this we are certainly going to do, or to help the Imperialists to do. The whole business is a disagreeable one. The *Tae-pings* are cruel miscreants, but the Imperialists are also atrociously cruel, and the things that are done on both sides make the blood curdle. But Commerce must be protected. There was an interesting debate raised by *MR. WHITE*, in which *COLONEL SYKES*, and of course *MR. CORDEN*, took up arms against the Governments of England and China, and *MR. LAYARD* made an animated onslaught upon the *Tae-pings*, and a clever defence of the policy now announced. *LORD PALMERSTON* ingeniously retorted on those who said that our former wars with China had weakened its Government, that if so, we were the more bound to support it now. *MR. WALPOLE* would not support *MR. WHITE*, but declined to support a war policy. The Government was sustained by 197 to 88.

In revenge a good bit of rough justice was done. Government fenced very objectionably with the *Kertch Prize Money* question, and *SIR JOHN HAY* compelled them to assent to what was really a vote of censure upon their conduct in keeping the soldiers out of their money. *LORD PALMERSTON* tried to fight, but was put down by an honest shout of creditable impatience, at any further resistance being offered to a just claim.

The Dissenters are not at present to do as they like with the Church Yards. *SIR MORTON PETO* buried his Burials Bill.

Wednesday. The little Bill for allowing a clergyman to get out of the Church if he wished to take up some other vocation, was never very healthy, and to-day it was put out of its unsatisfactory existence by a majority of 98 to 88. *MR. NEWDEGATE* then had to give up his attempt to deal with the Church Rate Question, and *MR. WHALLEY* had a victory over *MR. HENNESSY*, the latter's Bill for facilitating the Introduction of Catholic priests into goals being rejected. *MR. FORSTER*'s Beer Bill occasioned some smartish discussion—some Members treating it as a boon to morality, others as an interference with the poorer classes, but the former view triumphed by a majority of 3 in a House of 153. The Bill, it will be remembered is to prevent people from getting beer on tick.

Thursday. *PAM* said that Russia had not, he believed, imposed conditions and restrictions on the *KING OF ITALY*, but that satisfactory explanations of policy had been given. Ha! Your finger on your nose, thus. Ha! Exactly.

There was then another Fortifications Debate. *MR. OSBORNE* said some smart things at considerable length, and was told by *LORD PALMERSTON* that such talk was just the thing for a club or a dinner table, but was not the thing for the House of Commons. *MR. CORDEN*, whose exacerbation was increased by the news that his American friends had not only been beaten at Charleston, but had run away with great velocity from the Confederates at Richmond, delivered another speech in abuse of *LORD PALMERSTON*, who told him in return that he was an ill-conditioned party—that a gentleman who was attacked tried "to give as good as he got" and then went home and thought no more about it, but that *CORDEN* sulked. This was so English and true that the House cheered heartily, and the Government got 110 to 62 on division. There was some more discussion on the Embankment Bill, and a clause was inserted preventing steam engines from running on the new road.

What passed on *Friday* night *Mr. Punch* will mention next week, for the fact is he went down to the Prize Giving at the International Exhibition, and got so fearfully intoxicated with delight at the Honourable Mention that was made of himself in every direction, that he had to be removed to his house, at a late hour, under the guidance

of *X 555*, whom he hereby thanks for his attentions, though he regrets that the intelligent officer pulled him away from the lamp post in Grosvenor Place before he had half done explaining the currency question, the true principles of cosmogony, and the beauties of *BARRAGE*'s machine.

GRAND AMERICAN PUZZLE.

THE Americans say that they have not only taught the wretched Old World how to make War, but that they propose to teach us new principles of Arithmetic. We shall be very glad to receive some elementary instruction upon the subject, for we are in an awful puzzle already. There have been, as readers of the papers are well aware, a variety of great and small battles (if anything American can be small) during the war which is not exactly over. *Mr. Punch*, with reverent observance, took, week by week, a note of those battles, and with the most confiding and implicit faith in the accuracy of the New York press, affixed to each glorious name the number, as given by that noble institution, of the heroic and devoted soldiers of the Republic who fell in each encounter. In order to explain his difficulty, he must reproduce the roll of glory, with the numbers signifying the losses:—

	Killed.	Wounded.
Bull Run	5,670	10,000
Davis Creek, Mo	1,000	3,000
Lexington, Mo	1,500	2,000
Balls Bluff	1,300	3,000
Belmont	1,000	2,000
Mill Spring, Ky	1,000	2,000
Fort Henry	1,000	2,000
Roanoke Island	1,500	3,000
Fort Donelson	800	1,600
Fort Craig, New Mexico	500	1,000
Pea Ridge	600	1,500
Merrimac affair	50	100
Newburn	1,000	2,000
Winchester	2,000	3,000
Pittsburg	100,000	300,000
Yorktown	50,000	17,000
Fort Jackson and St. Philip	170	450
Williamsburg	100,000	300,000
West Point	500	1,073
M'Dowell	13	100
New Corinth	1,000	3,000
Banks's Run	500	1,000
Hanover Court	20	70
Skirmishes	1,000,000	3,000,000

Added up, according to the rotten old rules of Cocker, this makes } 1,371,023 3,649,193

But *GENERAL M'CLELLAN*, the Commander-in-Chief, has published an official statement, in which he gives the above list, and evidently performs arithmetic upon some new principle, for he makes the sum of killed since the beginning of the war 5,791, and of wounded 20,369.

We are utterly unable to bring our addition to the same result as *GENERAL M'CLELLAN*, and earnestly wish that we could obtain the American Tutor's Assistant.

But perhaps the New York journals throw in the slaughter among the Confederates. Oh! Ah! The poor Confederates.

HIGH CHURCH CHEERS.

THE announcement of the loss of the Clergy Relief Bill, we read "was received with loud cheers from the Opposition." Hip, hip, hip, hooray! It is easy to say that, but hip, hip, hip, hooray!—what? Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Once a parson always a parson. Hooray! No retirement from a profession which he cannot honourably practise! No retirement! No permission to earn an honest living! Hooray! No right to support himself by labouring with his own hands like St. Paul! Hooray! No St. Paul! Hooray! No common sense, no right, no reason, no justice, no honour, no conscience! Hooray! Starvation or hypocrisy for ever! Hooray! Ordination and no escape for ever! Hooray! Absurdity, tyranny, and cruelty for ever! Hip, hip, hip, hooray! *DEBRY* and *DISRAELI* for ever! Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Such are the sentiments which we must suppose to be signified by the loud cheers with which the Conservative Opposition hailed the failure of a measure demanded by all rational and honest men.

"Ivory Bust—Louis Philippe." (Executed by Machinery.)

"DEAR me!" exclaimed a country visitor to the International Exhibition, on reading the above description in the Official Catalogue of the Fine Arts Department; "DEAR me! I had no idea he was guillotined."

SACRILEGE AT NETLEY ABBEY.



So you are aware, Mr. Punch, Netley Abbey has been said by incorrigible offenders to be so named because it was overrun with nettles. Now, however, both those and all the other weeds by which the ruins were choked, have been removed; the ivy, and wild flowers, and brambles, trees, and shrubs, which adorn them, only being left to remain. The place has been cleared and cleaned without having been Cockneyfied; it has been furnished with convenient and inconspicuous seats, and rendered permeable throughout, and provided with a pump which supplies water for tea, or grog, refreshments for which right-minded people, though, would repair to the contiguous public-house. At the entrance of the Abbey is a porter's lodge, where a turnstile lets the public in at the small charge of 2d. a head, which goes to pay the expense of putting and keeping the place in order, and would, it might be hoped, exclude the rabble, the riff-raff, the tag-rag-and-bobtail, the eads, the blackguards, the swell-mob, and the spoiler.

"Thieves, however, Mr. Punch, do nevertheless find their way through the turnstile at Netley Abbey. The removal of the rubbish out of the Lady Chapel, disclosed a piece of encaustic tile pavement, near the site of the altar, of which several pieces have been stolen by some robbers who had procured admission in the disguise of respectable-looking people. These bits of ancient pottery have doubtless been taken and carried away to serve as specimens. The rascals who steal such things are not ordinary thieves; depredations of that kind are notoriously committed by antiquaries, a class of learned gentlemen too many of whom are regardless of the rights of any property whence they can pilfer an addition to their collections, and in that case do not stick at sacrilege. The truth is that your mere antiquary is a person whose acquisitiveness just takes the turn of affecting relics of the past instead of contemporary watches and pocket-handkerchiefs. Such a fellow covets and desires other men's goods, if those goods are antiquities, and when encaustic tiles and things of that sort come in his way; he cannot keep his hands from picking and stealing.

"Now, could not an officer of the Hampshire constabulary be appointed to perambulate and protect the remains of Netley Abbey? A policeman—in plain clothes—among the ruins would not be more incongruous with them than you—or any other man. It would be a gratifying spectacle to behold some learned F. S. A. caught with a piece of the Abbey in his pocket, collared, walked off to the bench, summarily sentenced to a month's hard labour, and finally working in a copious perspiration at the crank.

"It is devoutly to be wished that the same degrading and afflictive punishment could be inflicted, instead of any fine, on the gents and snobs who still get into the Abbey in spite of the turnstile, and cut their insignificant names out on its venerable walls. A course of discipline at the House of Correction is required to put down the offence of defacing public buildings, and ought to be mercilessly inflicted on every fool who records his worthless existence on any object of the kind, except perhaps the London Statues. It is with great disgust that I frequently notice among these vile inscriptions that of a name under which, in the capacity of a pedestrian tourist, I subscribe myself.

"Your humble servant,
WALKER."

REPUDIATION IN DOWNING STREET.

We have for a long time been criticising the repudiation of brother JONATHAN, if furious JONATHAN will still allow us to call him brother; but whilst crying out on the beam in brother JONATHAN'S eye we seem to have been unconscious of a certain note in our own. We even live under a repudiating Government. What but repudiation was the attempt of the Treasury to evade the payment of the Kertch and Yenikale Prize Money, and what else does the delayed distribution of that due to the victors of Delhi amount to? Our Government repudiates the debts which it owes to its most deserving creditors, our heroic soldiers and sailors. This bad faith, as the House of Commons calls it, is surely calculated to depreciate the value of our public securities, and, if persisted in, must produce a fall in Consols.

The Battle of Wimbledon.

(A FRAGMENT FROM SIR WALTER.)

The Second Day.

Too strong in shooting and in sight
Was Scotland yet to yield the field,
Her noblest shots are here;
Men who to miss were seldom known,
Brave ROSS, the far-famed champion,
And Deathman of the Deer:
There MUIR and MOIR their rifles raised
H. ROSS the trigger pressed, and blazed,
And ANDERSON, who ne'er looked dazed,
A hundred made, or near:
With FERGUSSON of marksmen best
Where Tom na Hearich rears his crest;
And LOVAR'S Master stood confessed
His rivals' worthy peer:
And PETERKIN to victory pressed,
A graceful soldier, neatly dressed,
Although his name is queer.

But calmly England stood, and shot,
And sternal snuffed out every Scot
Who tried the desperate game,
For HALFORD sent the fatal lead,
And HEATON put his foci to bed,
And HALLIDAY unceasing sped
His balls with matchless aim.
LORD DUCIE shot, by all admired,
LORD BURY raised his arm untired,
And BRASLEY'S eye was true,
Brave SMITH upon the target broke
Ball after ball with lightning stroke,
And Wimbledon's old echoes woke
As ROWE'S swift missiles flew.
And when the umpires reckoned o'er
Scotland's and England's well-made score,
Hurrah for England then!
The North had but Seven twenty-four,
The South upon her banners bore
Nine hundred, all but ten.
Woe to a foe who dares our shore,
When, side by side, those rivals pour
On horses, guns, and men,
Such bolts of fire as those that tore
The air in Surrey's glen.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

Boots.—To get good boots, the best plan, perhaps, would be to find out who makes those of PROFESSOR FARADAY, or PROFESSOR OWEN, and employ him, if there is any such particular person; for a philosopher should be the best judge of the fitness of things, including boots. But there may be no such person; for many philosophers are accustomed to buy their boots ready made; true philosophy seeking to discover, by the shortest process, where the shoe pinches, and rejecting that shoe or boot for another which does not pinch.

Durability of boots is a quality undervalued by inexperienced, or unwise dandies, because they never half test it. No new boot is so comfortable as an old one in sound condition. Old boots are like intimate old friends, and hand-and-glove is not more the symbol of intimacy than foot-and-boot. Never, if you are undesirous of corns and bunions, discard well-worn boots whilst their upper leathers are whole. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and the chiefs of the British nobility would never have had occasion to attest the skill of EISENBERG, if they had always made a point of having their boots forepieced and heelpieced, and soled, and otherwise mended, so long as they would hold comfortably together. It is remarkable that the names assigned to different kinds of boots are mostly those of princes or soldiers, as Coburgs, Bluchers, Wellingtons, and Napoleons. The present fashionable *cothurnus* of ladies is called a Balmoral. But no boots are ever named after men of eminence in science and letters; there are no Macaulay boots, no Brunels, no Stephensons, no Liebigas, no Brownings, no Tennysons. Perhaps it is the confined idea of nobleness and distinction, thus evinced by some leading shoemakers, which has earned for their respectable and useful fraternity the too sweeping denomination of Snobs.



PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

Leonora. "DEAR! DEAR! HOW THE ARROW STICKS!"

Capt. Blank. (with a sigh of the deepest). "IT DOES, INDEED!"

A POETICAL PETITION.

Just before it rose, one of the French Chambers had to receive a report upon a new kind of Petition that had been presented to it. A certain M. LEON VALMY had something to ask of the legislature, and, dissatisfied with the ordinary prosaic form of appeal, put his petition into Poetry. It was referred to a committee to say whether this sort of thing was to be tolerated, and the Committee, which must be sweetly sentimental, reported, through M. DE ST. GERMAIN, that the petition was of a novel kind "but not inadmissible."

This is well, and though we are sadly afraid that Mr. DENISON would proceed somewhat more harshly than M. DE ST. GERMAIN, we should like to see our own House of Commons addressed in Poetry. How would a Petition, in verse, look? It would be necessary to preserve all the forms, and House of Commons forms are hard seats for the Muses, but let us see:—

To the Honourable the Commons
In Parliament assembled,
At whom the Greeks and Romans,
If alive, would all have trembled.

The Humble Petition,
Of EBENEZER STOUT,
Of Baker Street, Optician,
Aged Forty, or about,

(And here your Clerk his nasal organ bloweth,
Prepared to read the following statement)—Showeth

That Your Petitioner has got
A wife and children small,
And 'tis hard work to keep the pot
A-boiling for them all.

That girls are always wanting gowns,
And boys are wanting shoes,

And wives put on unpleasant frowns,
When husbands cash refuse.

That what he pays in Income-Tax
(At which his Missis pouts),
Would cover both the feet and backs
Of all the little Strouts.

Be therefore very Humble Prags
Your Honourable House,
Before you take and go your ways
A-shooting of the grouse;
To let him off the Thirteen pound
Of taxes for the future;
Whereby each girl may get the gownd,
Each boy the Albert Blucher.

And (if you will oblige him in this way,
Then) Your Petitioner will ever Pray.

There! We think that Mr. STOUT has complied with the forms of the House, and that every word which ought to be in a petition is there. But what Mr. SPEAKER will say to the rest, we should like to know. Let everybody who dislikes paying the Income-Tax try it on! DENISON can't commit the whole nation to *quod*.

Temperance and Tapsters.

MR. FORSTER'S Bill to extend the Tippling Act to Beer has passed a Second Reading by a majority of 90 to 93. As this is a Bill which curtails no man's liberty, like the Maine Law, but only imposes a wholesome restraint on the publican's licence, its too probable defeat in committee is to be deplored. It will be a pity if the interests of the public prove to be less faithfully represented in Parliament than those of the public-house.



THE OLD SENTINEL.

PAM. "DON'T YOU MEDDLE WITH THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOUNG FELLER."

YANKEE GLORIES.

HERE we air! The fust o' folks,
With the fust o' constitutions;
Who flung off all European yokes,
In the fust o' revolutions!
And now we're gwine to show the world
We don't mean to be reckoned
For bloodshed, debts, and tariff-ties
To any nation second.

Our Eagle o'er the Continent
That spreads his wings gigantic—
His right on the Pacific wave,
His left on the Atlantic—
To keep himself from chawing up
The geese that 'gint him cackles
In the Old World, is right-down druv
To put hisself in shackles!

He's sot so long upon the stump
That crowns the Hall o' Freedom,
A-bringin' nations to his feet,
Like 'possums when you've tree'd 'em,
He's gittin' to feel kinder sick
Of gimeral dominion,
And so concludes to clip a bit
Off his almighty pinion.

But 'taint no common kind o' weights,
Or usual style o' clippin',
Will keep this everlastin' fowl
The hull world round from whippin'.
Pile on his tall and towerin' head
A hundred million dollars,

Darned if the bird won't tote the pile,
As you'd wear your shirt-collars!

Yes—try to gag that orful beak,
Or stop that mighty jaw, Sir,
Chain up both them colossal legs,
Yes—each perticler claw, Sir!
He'll scream the louder for the gags,
And lighter for his fetters,
Whip foes, as steamers runs down snags,
Or rattlers scorns muskettiers!

The Roosian Eagle's ketched the pip,
The Austrian's got the ager,
The Proosian, in his Parliament
Skulks from the Berlin Yäger;
But the Great Eagle of the West
For bloodshed whips the Roosian,
For debt the Austrian outdoes,
For scorn o' law the Proosian.

What's all of your European wars,
European taxation?
Neither your Mammon nor your Mars
Would give us a "sensation":
You fight with foes, 'gint brothers see
The dogs of war unbridle,
When your finance is reckless, ours
Is right down socicidal.

Unlike the Old World states of whom
European history proses,

We fust to spite our foemen dared
To cut off our own noses;
We fust escaped the ups and downs
In Old World wars regretted,
By always havin' our defeats
As victories gazetted.

We fust, when debt forced to contract,
Exulted in its figger:
And liked our ministers the more
The more they made it bigger:
And, pride of prides, we were the fust
That tried repudiation—
A principle susceptible
Of wider application.

NAPOLEON had some idee
Of florid bulletinin',
But that pint in the art of war
We've beat the gin'ral clean in.
We fust in fame as in finance
True valley gave to vapour,
And when big deeds and coin ran short,
Paid in big words and paper.

So here we sits, and spits, sublime,
On auguries of disaster:
King Dollar 'gint us he may turn,
But we have King Shimplaster.
For all King Cotton's works and ways,
We don't conclude to funk 'em;
Our trust is in our righteous cause,
Our prayer, "So help us, Bunkum!"

EXIT IN FUMO.



EAR MR. PUNCH.—I feel, at least I hope, I do not transgress the bounds of feminine propriety by bringing under your notice an offence against good manners, which, I am sorry to say is but too common among several of my (shall I confess it?) admired countrymen, more especially that delightful race of young gentlemen, who frequent our fashionable promenades in all the glory of the realisation of the fondest dreams of tailors, hatters, and gaudiers, who wear an eye-glass, through which they endeavour to look their 'killingest,' and who occasionally indulge in a cigar, most elegantly held between the fingers of an exquisitely gloved hand. I wish you to understand, dear Mr. Punch, I am not one of those fastidious young ladies who pretend to be poisoned by inhaling the scent of a 'fragrant weed'; on the contrary, I

would not deny to any gentleman of my acquaintance any pleasure he may possibly derive from filling his mouth with smoke when he pleases—no! 'Quand on s'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a'—it is not this habit which raises my indignation—it is—that, not content with expelling the smoke from their mouths, they also expel the saliva, which they tell me is increased by the act of smoking, and that, regardless of place, and the necessary length of ladies' dresses—this often too in our public promenades and most fashionable out-door resorts!!! Were I speaking, dear Mr. Punch, to any other gentleman than yourself, I should expect a sarcastic question relative to the length of my last new dress, &c., but I have no such fear in addressing you—in telling you of this grievance.

"They tell me the evil is most apparent in our great thoroughfares—no doubt others are to blame, besides that particular portion of the human genus I have mentioned; but it is by their example that the evil must be remedied. Will they not oblige us for the future by stepping on the kerb before relieving their overcharged nerves? By so doing they will lay the axe to the root of what has become a public nuisance felt not more severely by any one than by

"Your very sincere friend,

"ALICIA ST. JOHN."

ART FOR THE MILLION.

WE understand that a celebrated modern sculptor, perceiving the interest excited amongst the visitors to the International Exhibition by PIETRO MAGNI's "Girl Reading," will shortly open to the public a series of models and marble statuettes, in which he has endeavoured to render the usual subjects of the sculptor's art in a more modern and less conventional manner than usual. We have been favoured with a private view, and may mention the following as especially worthy of notice. Instead of a "Nymph Preparing to Bathe," we have "A Maid of All Work Cleaning Herself," a delightfully homely domestic subject, which the artist has treated with the utmost felicity. We would especially call the attention of the critical spectator to the expression of the girl's face, where we see blended pleasure, caused by the needful ablution, and pain, the effect of friction with a huckaback towel, the texture of which, admirably represented by the chisel, is worthy of the closest attention, as is also the soap and soap-dish. "The Death of Agamemnon" is vividly depicted in a plaster group, where the ill-fated hero is represented struggling under a shirt which the washerwoman has sent home buttoned at the neck and wrists. "A Child at the Bath, Saturday Night," marble statuette, is another subject which will go to the heart of all mothers, and is rendered in so life-like a manner, that we could almost affirm the contortion of the child's face was caused by the intrusion of a minute particle of soap beneath the eyelid, producing, as we can vouch from personal experience, excruciating agony.

THE ROSE OF LANKESTER.

MR. PUNCH having pronounced for DR. LANKESTER, it is needless to state that there could be but one issue to the conflict. The tremendous demand for the number of *Punch* in which his opinion as to the candidates was given prevented his being in the hands of all the freeholders, but DR. LANKESTER having stated from the hustings that Mr. *Punch* was with him, the contest was virtually at an end, and the frantic and hysteric exertions of the attorney-party were ludicrous rather than formidable. Mr. *Punch* attended in Portland Place to see the Doctor swear, and is happy to state that he swore very audibly from the pearlyments elegantly presented by MR. SHERIFF TWENTYMAN, and that MR. LEWIS, in the noblest manner, afforded the new coroner his first case, for MR. LEWIS himself was most decidedly Sat Upon.

COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS.—For the gentlemen, they consist of good articles, moderate prices, and pretty girls; and for the ladies, the counter-attractions consist of "Enormous Failures!" "Alarming Sacrifices!" "Fearful Bankruptcies!" "Awful Bargains!" and big-whiskered shopmen, who have no right to be there at all, doing women's work.

CHARITY AND THE DRAMA AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



that gentleman as a malignant idiot, whom it were gross flattery to call a stupid ass.

The charity in question is the Dramatic College: a college which enjoys the added epithet of Royal, it being under the especial patronage of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. In her happier days, HER MAJESTY has ever been a lover and a patron of the drama, and her people have to thank her much for her judicious patronage, which has served so well to purify and elevate the Stage. Now, it is a fact, not unknown to Mr. Punch as well as other great philosophers, that actors, if they live, grow old like other people; and are not more free than other people are from the ills, and chills, and bills, to which all human flesh is heir. It is therefore to assist them in their sickness and their age that this Dramatic Charity has been set on foot. There are tragedies in private life as well as on the Stage, and many a tragedian has cause to carry to his home the sad and mournful bearing which he holds upon the boards. Many a light comedy is played with heavy hearts, and to many a funny actor life is as "full of seriousness" as it was to the Scotch terrier

VERYBODY who reads *Punch* (and nobody who is anybody ever fails to do so) is aware that Mr. Punch never puts forth his great influence in the aid of any object which is not on pure and public grounds well worthy of support. This being a known fact, any person who affects the slightest shadow of a doubt as to the goodness of the charity which Mr. Punch would now encourage by be regarded by

that never got his fill of fighting. So it is well that a Dramatic refuge should exist, where, when youth and health and strength begin to fail, the needy actor may at ease play out the great drama of life, and, until the curtain drops on the last scene of all, be fostered and maintained in honourable comfort.

This being the aim of the Royal Dramatic College, it is enough for Mr. Punch to add that rooms are now complete for receiving twenty pensioners: and it remains for charitable people to determine how many a score more they wish to put on the Free List.

As one way of exciting the bumps of the benevolent, a fancy fair is fixed to take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday and Monday next, the 19th and 21st. Lord Dundreary will be there, and hosts of other swells; and the meeting will be graced by the presence of Aunt Sally and other fashionable members of the fairer sex. In fact it will be quite *de rigueur* to attend, and the fun will grow the faster the more loose cash is spent. To see an actress play at shopkeeping is alone a tempting sight: and who can grudge to pay a guinea for a sixpenny wax doll, if it be bought of a *Queen Catherine* or a *Lady Macbeth*? Moreover, upon public grounds the College surely ought to be supported: for actors after all are the servants of the public, and ought to be looked after in their time of need.

Hampstead Heath in Danger Again.

ALL Members of the House of Commons who entertain any objection to seeing Commons enclosed, are requested to keep a sharp look-out on a Bill which is coming down from the Lords calculated to empower SIR T. MARYON WILSON to enclose Hampstead Heath. The attention of the Members for London is particularly invited to this renewed attack which threatens the Lungs of London.

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER.
—Mr. Punch.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"WHEN LORD BROUGHAM, lately presiding over the Social Economy Department at Guildhall, invited me and other gentlemen present to speak, I confess that I felt ashamed to remain silent. I had come prepared with an elaborate Paper on the Employment of Women, and fully intended when opportunity offered to stand and deliver. I am not a very nervous orator. I have held some few briefs in petty larceny cases at Quarter Sessions; and though my clients have all been fellows of most villainous aspect, you would have been affected by their grateful humility, when to their astonishment they were pronounced not guilty by a fat Jury of small Farmers—a result I was told, and am strongly inclined to believe, entirely owing to my ingenious rhetoric. I never contemplated, however, addressing a Jury of Ladies. Indeed, it strikes me that if a Baroness instead of a Baron of the Exchequer sat to try causes at *Nisi Prius* before a special Jury composed of £50 governesses, those whom legal etiquette condemned to wear stuff gowns, would look remarkably small before those who displayed dresses of a more costly material. Had not my self-possession failed me when taunted by LORD BROUGHAM, I should have shown his Lordship and his fair audience, that one very important phase of the question had entirely escaped everybody's attention. Let me explain:

"Notwithstanding her taste for medicine, I have no hesitation in asserting that woman's *forte* is turning in general! When we say in a pretty picturesque metaphor, that she can turn a husband round her little finger, her position is at once recognised at the *lathe* (so to speak) of connubial diplomacy. Now if Woman be gifted with this wonderful power of turning opinions and shaping ends agreeably to her own charming designs, why should her country not derive some benefit from the cold chisel which nature has so kindly placed in her cunning hand? Could not a treaty of Commerce be carried out by that discrimination and tact we as juvenile recipients have so much admired at a treat of cherries? Would she who has achieved such triumphs over the wool of Berlin, be worsted in a Congress at Vienna? Who so fitted to hold out the olive branch of Peace? If we must mediate between North and South, why should not the acknowledged Sisters of Mercy step between the angry American Brothers, and gently bid them drop their vengeful steel?

"To sum up, I would not close a single avenue now open to female talent and industry; but I would certainly allow them free access to that dark tunnel through which secret service money is popularly sup-

posed to be conveyed. Our Ambassadors should be at once recalled, and their places taken by chaperons of distinguished ability. I am sure that LORD DERBY would be highly gratified at so economical an arrangement, and the Tories, who have been so suddenly smitten by a wholesome horror of extravagance, would hail with gallant joy a *corps diplomatique*, whose appointment is desirable, whether regarded as a question of finesse or finance.

"Yours ever,
"Leopard's Inn."

"AMICUS HUMANI GENERIS."

DINNER PLATITUDES.

TWICE of soup is vulgar, but three times of soup implies that you must be more than double-plated with vulgarity. Such a thing was never known, not even at the Trinity Board, and Turtle is not the slightest excuse for your pushing things to such a vulgar length. An Alderman would really blush for you.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and an invitation to take a glass of wine will frequently restore warmth between two friends where only coldness existed before.

No matter how plain your cook may be, so long as your dinner is well-dressed.

A few compliments go a great way. A little savoury *pâté* is quite enough. Try too many, and you'll find they'll prove heavy.

When the ladies retire from the dinner-table, it is not usual for you (supposing you to be a gentleman) to retire with them. In this instance, the same law extends to the mistress as to the servants:—"NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

A gratuity well bestowed frequently has a happy effect. The servant that is fee'd well takes care that his master does the same.

In the hands of an inferior *artiste*, whether an omelette turns out good or bad, is quite a matter of toss up. It is the same with a pancake.

Keep ill-natured people from your table, as you would sour fruit. They are sure to disagree with every one. Avoid crab-apples, lest the Apple of Discord should turn up amongst them.

SUBJECT FOR A NEW CARTOON IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The footway between Whitehall Stairs and Westminster Bridge defended against a host by a single HORSMAN!

HYMN TO APOLLO.

On a late Sunless day.

PHŒBUS APOLLO, surely thou hast driven
Thy fiery steeds beneath the Western wave,
Never again to climb the vault of Heaven;
Thou hast put up at Neptune's palace-cave;
Thy team is stalled with horses of the sea,
And thou, reclined upon a coral throne,
Drainest the bowl which Nereids fill for thee,
Therefore from us the light of day hath flown.

There thou and old Poseidon lie and tope,
Smoking sea-weeds, Havannas of the deep,
We rural swains, meanwhile, are losing hope
Of crops which we require thine aid to reap.
Drink up thy liquors, beer or sparkling wine,
Or grog, that Ocean brews thee, Lord of Day,
Cast thy cigar upon the foaming brine,
That Æolus may blow our clouds away.

To thee the Sea Nymphs, as thou twang'st thy lyre,
To thee the Sirens, joined in chorus, sing,
Whilst here we are obliged to have a fire,
Winter returning on the close of Spring.
Oh! if asleep in Amphitrite's bed,
Soon may old Triton wake thee with his horn,
Or Ceres will deplore her fields o'erspread
With white for yellow; snow instead of corn.

MRS. HARRIS A RADICAL.

OUR excellent friend, *Mrs. Harris*, was taking great credit to herself the other day for not writing in the old hack Tory way, and for suiting her utterances to the enlightenment and liberality of the age. "Which what I says, M'm," writes *Mrs. Harris*, "is this, and what I says I stands to, M'm, for I never denyges my declivities which is Tory, M'm, but young folks is young folks, and won't be no wiser till they ceases to be such, whereby blow the babble and save the Party, M'm, is my motter." We cordially congratulate the old lady on her advanced principles, but we think that like all converts, she is inclined to go a little too far. *Punch* may have had to complain of the conduct of certain aristocrats, but he never branded the "distinguished world," *en masse*, with lunacy. This is what the radical *Mrs. Harris* now does. Here is her account of the attendance at the International on a day at the close of June:—

"The numbers yesterday were 26,849, of whom 5,731 entered by season tickets. Among the distinguished visitors were the Viceroy of Egypt, who remained until an advanced hour of the afternoon, LORD and LADY FOLKE, the HON. CHARLES MURRAY, and a party of Hungarians, who evidently enjoyed the brilliant scene that expanded before them as they entered. Another party of lunatics, from Dr. ARMSTRONG'S, Peckham House Asylum, were yesterday enabled to see the Exhibition by the kindness of the gentleman under whose charge they are, and again we have to notice with satisfaction that the poor creatures bore themselves with the utmost quietness of demeanour."

CRINOLINE FOR CLOWNS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"HERE'S a good 'un. This here advertisment, as speerd in the *Marnun Pwoeast* t'other day. I've coppied un word for word, 'cept the neam, 'cause as how I dwoan't want to puff the feller:—

HOBSON'S PATENT CROWN CRINOLINES.—"Messrs. Hobson's Skirts, manufactured under HER MAJESTY'S Royal Letters Patent, are pronounced the lightest and the best in the world; and are worn by all the leading circles of society in Paris, London, and America;—*London and Paris Magazine of Fashion*, January. To be had of all first-class drapers.

"Strikes me there be two or dree pints in this here notuification as is with your 'tension. In the fast pleace, Crown Crinolines. What be they? Crinolines at five shilluns a-piece? I dwoan't know whether or no that's reckoned cheap; but I calls um dear at any money. Or do 't mean that these here crinolines is wore by the Crown? If so all I can say is the moor's the pity, and if so be as how the Crown ood be graciously pleased to lave um off, what a good example the Crown ood zet the female subject!

"Next we be told as how these here Crown Crinolines is 'pronounced the lightest and the best in the world.' What's the sense o' that? Pronounced easier and better than other Crinolines? Of all the Crinolines I ever heerd on, one part is as easy to pronounce as are another; besides what advantage is there in pronouncin one Crinoline better nor another? Them as wears the comfortabest, I should think, was the kind to choose, not them as is easiest pronounced.

"Thirdly, *Mr. Punch*, I can't make out the xignification of these here Crown Crinolines beun 'worn by the leading circles of Society.' Why, bless me, a Crinoline be a circle, bain't un; at least a framework of circles one atop o' t'other? How circles is to wear circles passes my understandun. Round about a beer barrel is a circle to be sure, and the hoop outside o' that's a circle around a circle; what then is the 'leading circles of society?' zummot o' the barrel shape? Ah! I be afear'd they be but empty barrels; or any rate nothun in um like good beer; nothun no better nor wuss than the wust o' swipes; wot we calls 'sims' down hereabouts.

"Lastly as to 'first-class drapers.' Is there classes o' drapers, fast second and third, like railway-carriages? Then I take it the difference chiefly is that the fast-class drapers is the most expensive, and accordingly that fine ladies as wants Crown Crinolines must expect to pay for um.

"Just below the foresaid advertisement there was another about Crinolins, puffun up 'The Crinoline Boot and Antigropelette'—what a word! It said:—

"The Crinoline Boots are made for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children."

"Gentlemen's boots have been the fashion for ladies for some time now; and the same boots now-a-days is generally made for gentlemen and ladies—'cause I spose a little shoe and a saddle was thought to make a girl's foot and ankle look too pretty. The Crinoline Boots that's now made a purpose for gentlemen I sposes is boots wi Crinoline to boot. Then the gentlemen too must ha taken to wearun petticoats. Otherways what call have they got to wear Crinoline? Now we sartainly have got some excuse to do so; and mark my words what Crinoline's comun to; next time you comes down vrom Town 'tis like enough you'll see we country bumpkuns clodhoppun over the ploughed fields in our smock-frocks wi Crinoline under um.

"Your old acquaintance,

"Gruntford, July, 1862."

"JOHN HOMEGREEN."

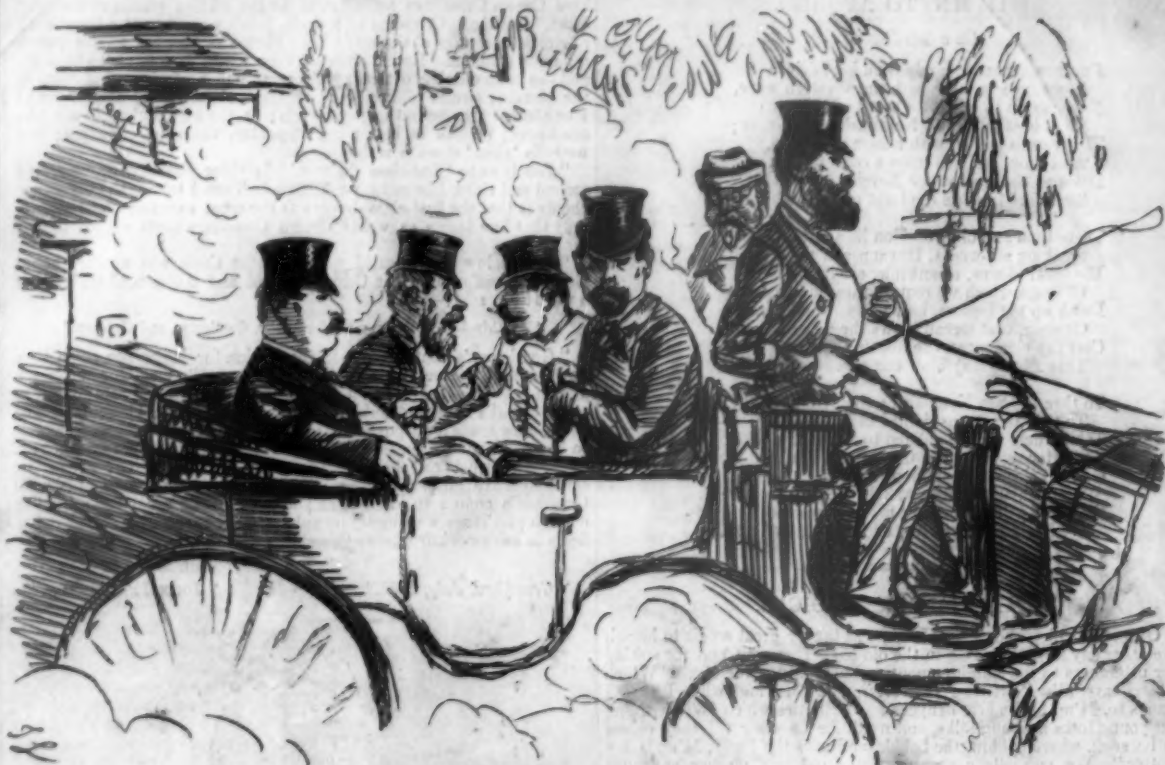


FEDERAL MARBLES.

THE money article of the *Times* one day last week contained the following quotation from a Yankee newspaper:—

"A large number of workmen are now busily engaged in preparing for the placing on the dome of the Capitol CRAWFORD'S colossal statue of Freedom."

What a seasonable proceeding! But why should Freedom stand on the Capitol alone? It is true that the *habeas corpus* has been suspended in the North, that the Press is gagged, and that the Federal States are trying to reduce the Confederates to subjection. But to accomplish this end they are fighting and not conquering in a fratricidal war, spreading devastation, inflicting and suffering ruin and slaughter. Therefore why do they not place a statue of Peace by the side of Liberty, a statue of Victory, and statues of Mercy and Prosperity, if there is room for them? And since they cherish a feeling of hostility towards this country, as rancorous as it is groundless, statues of Justice and Charity might be added, and inasmuch as the Yankees are violating every principle of Christianity, the group might be completed with a statue of Religion. These sculptures would cost some money, but expense can be no object to a Government running up a debt which will be limited only by a panic and ultimately repudiated.



WHO CAN THEY BE? CAN THEY BE "MORROCS" GOING TO MAKE A PROMENADE TO RICHMOND? BUT PERHAPS M. ASSOLANT CAN TELL US?

THE LITTLE WARBLER, OR NEWS OF THE DAY.

TOM BROWN and his two Engine Boys
Are gone to Dixie's Land;
And Old Dan Tucker's made a match
With Nancy In the Strand.

Good News from Home made Mary Blanc
And Eulalie quite gay;
Bob Ridley's Off to Charlestown,
And taken Old Dog Tray.

Young Villikins met Lucy Neal
And turned Red, White and Blue;
And Nelly Bly has caught her foot
In her Hoop de Dooden Do.

"I'm Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie,"
Sighed mournfully Jim Crow;
And Annie Laurie pert replied,
"Then Kiss me Quick and Go."

Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore,
So he Wanted Her to Wed,
"I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet,
But Cheer up Sam," she said;

"And Will you Love me Then as Now?
O Beautiful Star," said he;
"I Only Ask when I'm Afloat,
Then You'll Remember Me!"

He Sailed Away in a Gallant Ship,
But Though True Love he Vowed.
When he was Seeing Nelly home,
They Met, 'Twas in a Crowd.

THE SEAT OF IMPUDENCE.—A Cabman's box.

THE PALE OF SOCIETY: BEING A CONJUGAL REVELATION.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"My wife says that I have no business to tell you this—that I heard it in confidence—that she will never take me with her any more—and so on, but I must tell you, and chance the worst.

"I went with her to buy a bonnet the other day. Do you think I am one of the vulgar snobs who don't like buying bonnets or anything else that their wives want? I have plenty of money, and I like to see ANNABELINDA look well—or at least to see that she thinks she looks well. No matter where we went—when I say that the Bonnet cost two guineas and a half, I suppose that your lady readers will know that we did not go to any low kind of place.

"My wife selected her Bonnet, and, having worn it for some minutes, was asked by the handsome lady of the establishment how she liked it? 'Well, ANNABELINDA liked it very much—but she thought it 'made her look rather pale.' (It didn't, and I should like to see the bonnet that would tone down those Shropshire roses, but that is neither here nor there.)

"'Pale, M'm,' repeated the lady of the bonnets, with a confidential and half compassionate smile, 'yes, and—'

"(I heard her, my dear Punch, I heard her with my own blessed ears.) 'Pale, M'm? O, yes, that is as it should be. Last year it was the thing to have a colour, even if it was necessary to put on a little—'

"'Yes, yes,' said ANNABELINDA, 'but this year—'

"'It is the thing to be pale, M'm—melancholy reasons—you understand—and in fact it is our endeavour to arrange all bonnets with a view to that effect.'

"I swear it, my dear Punch, if I never buy another bonnet. My wife says that even if I must betray confidence I need not use such dreadful language. So I say no more, but this you shall have from

"Yours ever,
"The Turtledovey, Kensington." "SEPTIMIUS FONDLESQUAW."

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.—Since the International Match between England and Scotland, we should suggest that if the gallant CAPTAIN HOKATIO be elevated to the Scottish peerage, he should take his title from "The Mull of Ross."